

THE
Unfortunate Fair: 5

OR, THE

Sad Disaster.

To which are added,

The Rock and a wee pickle Tow,

AND

Gamesters and Lawyers alike.



Entered according to Order.



THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

FAREWELL to the ocean since I have return'd,
 Hardships I've suffer'd, many nights I've mourn'd
 For my dearest Maria my joy and delight,
 But I hope to my troubles I may bid goodnight.

In the arms of my charmer to spend all my days,
 Bid adieu to the troubles and toils of the seas,
 In hopes to live happy with her I adore,
 'Tis my dearest Maria, I desire no more.

When this captain landed to her father he went,
 To enquire for his true-love it was his intent ;
 He said, Sir, your daughter I am come to demand,
 To be joined in wedlock straightway out of hand.

Her father reply'd, I've no daughter I'll own,
 For the last I heard of her she was on the town ;
 Cruel fate said the captain, is it true that I hear !
 I'll search ev'ry bagnio till I find out my dear.

Then in search of his true love he instantly went
 With his heart full of trouble in sad discontent ;
 He soon found out the bagnio that harbour'd his dear,
 And to his discomfort this news he did hear ;

When he ask'd for Maria, the old beldam reply'd,
 She's gone sick to the work-house to lessen her pride ;
 If 'tis so, said the captain, I'll make her my wife,
 For my dearest Maria the joy of my life.



In haste to the work-house he straight did repair;
O, shocking disaster! this news he did hear,
He enquir'd for Maria, his joy and delight,
When for answer was given, she dy'd, Sir, last night.

Then raving distracted, let me see her did cry,
On the corps of his true love he wept bitterly;
He said, take this purse; let her coffin be lead;
Farewel, dear Maria, then turned his head.

Then straight from his side his sword out he drew,
And then his own body he plung'd thro' and thro',
Saying, dearest Maria, since you can't be my bride,
I still am determin'd to ly by your side.

Farewel to all pleasure, my joy and delight;
O the tears that were shed at this shocking sight;
And to see this sad sight thousands did repair,
In one grave were laid this most beautiful pair.



The ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

THere was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
An' she wad gae try the spinning o't,
She looted her down, an' her rock took a low,
And that was a bad beginning o't.
She sat an' she grat, an' she flaet, an' she sang,
An' she threw, an' she blew, an' she wrig'd, an' wrang,
An' she choacked an' bocked, an' cry'd like to mang,
Alas! for the dreary beginning o't.

I've wanted a fark for these eight years and ten,
And this was to be the beginning o't;

But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
 Or ever I try the spinning o't;
 For never since ever they ca'd me as they ca' me,
 Lid sic a mishap and mishanter besa' me, (me,
 But ye shall have leave baith to hang me an' draw
 The niest time I try the spinning o't.

I ha'e kept my house for these threescore o' years,
 An' ay kept free o' the spinning o't,
 But how I was farked, fowl sa' them that speers,
 For it minds me aye o' the beginning o't.
 But our women are now a-days grown sae br.',
 That ilk ane maun hoe ae fark, and some hae twa,
 The world was better whan ne'er ane ava'
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginning o't.

Fowl sa' her that ever advis'd me to spin,
 That had been sae lang a beginning o't;
 I might well have ended as I did begin,
 Nor got sic a skair wi' the spinning o't.
 But they'll say she's a wife wife that kens her ain weid:
 I thought ance a day it would never been speer'd,
 How loe ye the loe tak your rock by the beard,
 When ye gred to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning it gars my heart sob,
 When I think upon the beginning o't,
 I thought ere I died to have ance made a web,
 But still I had fears o' the spinning o't.
 But had I nine daughters, as I have but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I cou'd gie,
 Is, that they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
 For fear of a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite o' my counsel if they will needs run
 The drearysome risk o' the spinning o't,
 Let them seek out a lythe in the heat of the sun,
 And there venture on the beginning o't.
 But to do as I did, alas! and awow!
 To baulk up a rock at the cheek o' the low,
 Says, that I had but little wir in my pow,
 An' as little ado wi' the spinning o't.

But yet after a' there is ae thing that grieves
 My heart, to think o' the beginning o't,
 Had I won the length but o' ae pair o' sleeves,
 Then there w'd been words o' the spinning o't.
 This I wad hae washen and bleech'd like the snaw,
 An' on my twa garties like moggans wad draw,
 An' then souk wad lay, that auld Girty was braw,
 An' a' was upo' her ain spinning o't.

But gin I cou'd shog about till a new spring,
 I thoud' yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't,
 A mutchkin o' lintseed I'd in the yard sing,
 For a' the wanchanfy beginning o't.
 I'd gie my ain Tamme gae down to the haw,
 An' cut me a rock of a widderstins grow,
 Of good roun-tree for to carry my tow,
 An' a spindle o' the same for the twining o't.

For now fan I mind me, I met Maggy Grim,
 This morning just at the beginning o't,
 She ne'er was ca'd chaney, but canny and slim,
 An' sae it has far'd o' my spinning o't.
 But if my new rock was ance cutted and dry,
 I'll a' Maggy's cann an' her cantrips defy,

An' but any fuffie, the fpianning I'll try,
An' ye's a' hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' Tibby her daughter, tak tent fat ye fay,
The never a rag we'll be seeking o't;
Gin ye ance begin, ye'll tire's night an' day,
Sae 'tis vain ony mair to be speaking o't.
Since Lammas I'm now gane thirty an' twa,
An' ne'er a dud fark had I yet girt or fma',
An' what war am I, I'm as warm an' as braw,
As thrummy-tail'd Meg that's a spinner o't.

To labour the linc-land, and then buy the feed,
An' then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,
An' fyne loll amon't, an' pick out ilk weed,
Like fwine in a fly at the farrowing o't.
Syne powing, an' ripling, and fleeping, and then
To gar's gae an' fspread it upo' the cald plain,
An' then after a', may be labour in vain,
When the wind an' the weat gets the fuffion o't.

But though it fhould anter the weather to hide,
Wi' beedles we're fet to the drubbing o't,
An' then frae our fingers to guide aff the hide,
Wi' the wearifome wark o' the rubbing o't.
An' fyne ilka fait mann be heckl'd out throw,
The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,
Syne on a rock wi't, and it taks a low:
The back o' my hand to the fpianning o't.

Quo' Jenny, I think 'oman ye're in the right,
Set your feet ay a-fpar to the fpianning o't,
We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright
That fhe gat, when fhe try'd the beginning o't.

But they say, that auld fouls are twice bairns indeed,
 An' fae she has kyth'd it, but there is nae need
 To sicken an amshach that we drive our head,
 As lings we're fae skar'd frae the spinning o't.

Quo' Nanny the youngest, I've now heard you a',
 An' dowie's your doom of the spinning o't,
 Gin ye, san the cow flings, the dish cast awa',
 Ye may see where ye'll lick up the winning o't.
 But I see that but spioning I'll never be bra',
 But gae by the name of a dilp or a da',
 Sae lack where ye like, I shall ance shake a fa',
 Afore I be dung with the spinning o't.

For well I can mind me, when black Willie Bell,
 And Tibbie there just at the winning o't,
 What blew up the bargain, she kens well herself,
 Was the want o' the knack o' the spinning o't.
 An' now poor 'oman, for ought that I ken,
 She never may get sic an offer again,
 But pine awa' hit an' hit like Jannix's hen,
 An' naething to wyte but the spinning o't.
 But were it for naething, but just these alane,
 I shall yet hae a bout o' the spinning o't.
 They may cast me for calling me black at the bane,
 But nae 'cause I shun the beginning o't.
 But be that as it happens, I care not a strae,
 But nane o' the lads shall have it to say,
 When they come to woo, she kens naething ava',
 Nor has ony cann o' the spinning o't.

In the days they ca'd yore, gin auld fouls had but won
 To a furcoat bough side for the winning o't,

Of coat-raips well cut by the cast of their bun,
 They never sought mair of the spinning o't.
 A pair of grey hoppers well elinked benew,
 Of nae other lilt but the hue o' the ewe,
 With a pair of rough rallions to scuff thro' the dew,
 Was the fee they sought at the beginning o't.

But we maun hae linen, and that maun hae we,
 An' how get we that but by spinning o't?
 How can we hae a face to seek a great fee,
 Except we can help at the winning o't?
 An' we maun hae pearlines, an' mabbies an' cocks,
 An' some other things that the ladies ca' smocks.
 An' how get we that, gin we tak na our rocks,
 An' pow what we can at the spinning o't?

'Tis needles for us to tak our remarks,
 Frae our mither's misooking the spinning o't,
 She never kend ought of the guid o' the jarks,
 Frae this aback to the beginning o't.
 Twa three ell o' plaiden was a' that was sought,
 By our auld warld bodies, and that boor be bought,
 For in ilka town sicken things was na wroght,
 Sae little they kend o' the spinning o't.

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GAMESTERS AND LAWYERS ALIKE

THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,
 If they meddle, your all is in danger;
 Like gypsies, if once they can finger a soule,
 Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house,
 And give your estate to a stranger.

F I N I S.

